

"For your sake, Rosa! I'm vexed for your sake, my pretty one!"

"If I had but known—yet he was so different in the days when we used to take those twilight walks, the days before we were married. My husband a drunkard! Oh, Aunt Tryphosa, I would sooner we were both in our graves!"

"Don't talk so, pet," murmured Aunt Tryphosa, taking off her dim spectacles. "The Lord knows what's best for us all, but—"

"Hush!" ejaculated Rosa, springing to her feet, "I hear the gate click!—Aunt Tryphosa, he has thought better of it! he has come back!"

No; the slight, fair, almost girlish looking young fellow in the lieutenant's uniform, was not Jerome Fenwick—and there was a touch of bitterness even in the welcoming tears that Rosa poured out on the breast of the soldier brother she had not seen for three long years.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Charles Warner; "why, I thought you were so happy, Rosa. And where's my new brother-in-law?"

"He—he isn't at home," sobbed out Rosa. "Oh, Charles, I am very, very miserable."

"Well, this is a queer welcome!" quoth the lieutenant, sitting down in front of the blazing chestnut logs, and drawing Rosa upon his knee, "now, puss, tell me all about it—and somebody hold my hands tight, for I feel very much like giving my unknown brother-in-law a thrashing before I know anything of the merits of the case."

"Well—I reckon it's about time for me to be moving!" said Jerome.

Now Jerome Fenwick was none the worse for the frequent libations in which he indulged; at least not in his opinion. For he had firmly resolved, on entering the green baize doors of the "Columbian Hotel," not to drink too much, and he fancied he had kept the resolution. Only—to be sure, the sanded floor did surge to and fro a little—and the great logs in the chimney changed places with the door in a most unaccountable manner, and the voices around his head now close to his ear, now far away, as if the speakers were receding into dim distance. Yet Jerome Fenwick, with very wide open eyes, and a turgid amiability upon his set features, reiterated himself, "that he was all right—as a trivet!"

"Because you see!" soliloquized Jerome, aloud, "I'm a married man—and—and—duties I owe to society! I can't be drunk, because—"

He caught the arm of his chair as it seemed to give a sudden lurch ceilingward.

"I—I guess I'll go back to Rosa!"

In the same instant a sudden electric thrill seemed to send the hot blood back to his heart. Rosa! yes, it was her voice speaking in the room beyond. Her voice—and in what words!

"A glass of gin-sling—and be quick about it. Pshaw! none of your dish-water commands! make it hot and strong, man!"

"Mrs. Fenwick!" ejaculated mine host in dismay.

"Yes—Mrs. Fenwick—what are you staring at? and I've come to keep him company. I'm tired of staying at home by myself. If he's going to make a regular practice of getting drunk here, why he may as well do it in his wife's company—and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa!"

"Yes my dear. Good evening to you gentlemen," she said, nodding to the staring assemblage and taking a sip.

"Upon my word, this feels warming after the night air. You are right, Jerome, it is better than crouching over the fire at home. You are right, my dear, you are always right, and hereafter I'm going to follow your example."

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome in an agony of mortification.

"Another glass, landlord!" ejaculated the Amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was so good. Try a taste of it Jerome!"

"Rosa I command you to come away." "What for? Haven't I as much right here as any one? You said you didn't care whether I came or not—and here I am."

Jerome wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow and upper lip.

"Do not mortify me thus Rosa," he whispered. "Remember these spectators."

"Well, you've mortified me enough times; and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Landlord—I think—I'll take—"

She paused abruptly. The two glasses of fiery liquid were apparently beginning to tell on her feminine brain. Her head fell heavily upon her breast, the blue eyes stared steadily into space, and her arms fell heavily at her side.

"She's gone!" exclaimed Joe Hyde, who had watched the crisis with intense interest.

"I will trouble you to mind your own business, sir, if you please," returned Jerome Fenwick haughtily. Ah, his pride was touched to the quick now. "Clark Tiffany, will you help me carry my—my wife home? She is quite unable to walk. Good heavens! that I should live to see this day!"

Clark Tiffany advanced with a subdued grin upon his countenance, to assist his boon companion. But it was no easy task they had undertaken. Never was totally limp and helpless a burden before; from the tip of the pink worsted hood to the feet edged meekly there was no spark of elasticity or animation, as the two men dragged their slow way over the hard frozen ground.

"Abominable! disgraceful!" muttered Fenwick, wiping his steaming forehead.

"Just what you've done yourself a dozen times," remarked Tiffany, changing the arm that supported the leaden shoulders. "Jupiter! who'd suppose a woman could be so heavy?"

"Myself! Of course I have—more shame to me!" retorted Fenwick. "But a woman—and my wife!"

"I don't know that it's any worse for a woman than a man," said Tiffany; "only it's not customary."

"One thing is certain," resumed Fenwick after a moment's silence, and his tone was full of deep earnestness; "after this night's work, I will cut off my right hand before I will re-enter that accursed bar-room. I've drunk my last glass of liquor!"

"That—that's not fair!" sleepily muttered the burden. Just when I've begun to enjoy myself! it—I say it's not fair!"

"A smothered groan escaped from Fenwick's lips.

"Before heaven I register the vow!"

he exclaimed: "From this hour I will never touch intoxicating draughts more, so help me God!"

As he spoke, the red flickering stream of light from the moreen curtained window glanced athwart their path.

"Home at last!" he exclaimed, with accent of relief, as aunt Tryphosa opened the door.

The fire was blazing brightly, the cat was purring contentedly on the burnished bricks of the old-fashioned hearth, and wonder of wonders—Rosa sat by the table, in the dark brown calico and coquettish silk apron, stitching a narrow strip of linen.

"Rosa!" gasped Jerome, in open mouth astonishment. "You here?"

"Where else should I be, Jerome?" demanded Mrs. Fenwick, with exemplary calmness.

"Do we live in the age of witchcraft? Am I dreaming, or am I wide awake and in the possession of my ordinary senses?" exclaimed Jerome Fenwick, turning to the limp figure on the kitchen settle.

No longer limp, however. It had suddenly risen up straight and vigorous as a young pine, and throwing back the gingham draperies and pink worsted hood, stood before them in the uniform of a Federal Lieutenant.

"At your service, Mr. Fenwick," said Charles Warner, with dancing eyes and defiant brow.

"Rosa," said Jerome, still bewildered, "who is this?"

"It is my brother, Jerome, my brother Charles," faltered Rosa. "Don't be angry, please, indeed I couldn't stop him, he would go and Aunt Tryphosa encouraged him."

"Well, I'm heartily glad it is not my wife!" said Jerome, extending his hand. "Welcome home from the wars, brother-in-law; but I question whether any victory in which you have been concerned can equal the victory you have this night gained."

"Jerome," exclaimed Rosa, "surely you have not—"

"But he has, though!" interposed Lieutenant Charles, leisurely lighting a cigar among the smouldering chestnut embers. "I bear witness that he has this night solemnly pledged himself to abstain forevermore from the Columbian and all that appertains thereto. Isn't it so, you friend, that so kindly held up my head?"

"Well, I thought you were rather heavy acknowledged Clark Tiffany. "But—no offence, sir—I really don't see how your head stands those two glasses of gin."

"Ah, that's because I have been in the army," responded Lieutenant Warner, with charming frankness. "What, little Rosa, crying again?"

"Don't mind me, Charles; it's only because I'm so happy."

"Happy, eh? Well, it isn't my way to express happiness," observed Warner. "And Aunt Tryphosa is crying, too! Well, I've read a good many puzzles in my day, but a woman is the most unaccountable of them all."

Lieutenant Warner did not know that upon that flood of tears all Rosa Fenwick's doubts, fears and inward distresses were swept away into the past. She was crying only because she was happy.

Sentence of the Ascutneyville Murderer.

On returning a verdict of "Guilty" in the case of Miller, the Ascutneyville murderer, Judge Barrett thus addressed the prisoner, as we learn from the Woodstock Standard, which has published a very full report of the trial:

You have been indicted and tried on a charge of committing one of the most heinous murders that ever horrified the people of Vermont. After a thorough investigation of all the facts and circumstances material to the case, and being defended by able counsel, an impartial jury in view of all the evidence elicited, have found you guilty. It now becomes the duty of the Court to pronounce upon you the sentence prescribed by law. This is a moment of vast importance to you. It is the fatal moment of your life—the moment which is to seal your fate; for from what has been developed in this case you can have no hope of respite or pardon. Your only resource is to go to that Grace and that Mercy which man cannot seek in vain and which the law does not extend. It is to Divine Grace that you must look. You ought to realize that your sins require the deepest penitence and the most earnest cry for pardon. Though blood for blood is the requirement of the law, a requirement which the safety of the community demands, there is a fountain, which, if suitably addressed, will grant pardon for the greatest offences. It is to be hoped in your awful situation you will realize the deep significance of the words about to be addressed to you, and lay hold of the only hope that is left.

It remains for me as the presiding Judge of this Court to pronounce your sentence. It is that, on the last Friday of June, 1869, between the hours of eleven o'clock forenoon and three o'clock afternoon, you be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and in the meantime that you be confined in solitary confinement, in the State Prison at Windsor, in the County of Windsor. And may God have mercy on your soul.

The prisoner, who had stood through this impressive scene—a scene which made the stoutest heart in the vast assembly tremble with awe unspeakable—his countenance wearing an expression of determined defiance, spoke up boldly, saying:

"That I have always been confined in for a deed I never done," referring, undoubtedly, to his close confinement since being arrested for the crime for which sentence had been pronounced. He was removed by the sheriff, and after visiting Cushing's Saloon for the purpose of having his photograph taken, was placed in irons and taken to the State Prison at Windsor.

Thus closed the last act but one in one of the most horrible and bloody tragedies ever enacted in this country.

IMPROPRIETIES OF DRESS.—A contemporary says:—"The Pope is making a crusade upon the dress of the proprietors of dress, and we learn, by the blame on the shoulders of the ladies. The Pope is at fault. We have examined the shoulders of the ladies, and haven't found anything there."

Have you seen Prangs Chromo? "Old Oaken Bucket," "Falconer and Bride," at H. Livingston & Sons.

VERMONT DAILY TRANSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

Political.

The Journal's correspondent telegraphs: "Chief Justice Chase authorizes denials of accounts of his recent interview with the President, wherein he is represented as urging the retention of Mr. McCulloch as Secretary of the Treasury, and also that the President told him that Mr. Johnson's first choice at the Democratic Convention in New York was the Chief Justice."

The Union Herald says: Mr. Chase's letter declaring himself not a candidate for office, but avowing that it will gratify him if the Democrats would go for universal suffrage, reads much like the old gentleman's advice to his sons: "Boys, it is very wrong to go fishing on Sunday, and is contrary to my orders; but you know your father likes fish!"

Hon. Daniel D. Pratt has been nominated by the Republicans to succeed Mr. Colfax.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, on Wednesday, says: "Chase's political friends are in consultation with him today. A third party with Chase as candidate for the Presidency is talked of, in case of his rejection by the Democratic Convention. The Democrats apprehend that Mr. Chase cannot poll the full vote of the party, and this seems to be the great obstacle to his nomination."

THE POLLARDS.—Our New York letter and telegraphic report on Friday, treated of the author of "The Lost Cause" and his amiable wife. The despatch stated that Crotty's against whom Mrs. Pollard complained had been dismissed from Court, as the complaint was not sustained. The letter states that Mrs. Pollard asserted that she left Pollard because she found he had another wife, but re-married him after he got a divorce; and that she further accused him of deserting her. Mr. Pollard denies fatally all these assertions of the lively and blood-thirsty tigress, and his statement awakes a throb of pity in the heart of the humane, if they believe him; and there is reason to take his statement as truth. He says:

It is particularly hard to be accused of "abandoning" my wife, when I have spent on her heartless and peculiar extravagance more than \$15,000 in two years (all the fruits of my literary labor), and was recently compelled to deed absolutely to her the last vestige of property I have—landed estate in Washington city, worth \$5,000 or \$7,000, which is now being extorted from a decree of confiscation, but from which, through an engagement with a lawyer, she draws, pending the litigation, \$25 a week—while I am absolutely without means and without employment.

Not long ago Mrs. Pollard raised a row in Baltimore about the improper conduct of one of her husband's friends toward her. Now she makes herself notorious in New York. Between the "lost cause" and a wife that will not be lost Mr. Pollard is in a bad plight. Even a Presidential pardon wouldn't help him.

SPECIAL MAIL AGENT.—The Omaha Republican says that D. B. Ball, formerly of Sutton, Vt., (We don't know of any Vermont Sutton,) has been appointed special mail agent for Nebraska, Colorado and Dakota. It says further that Mr. Ball has been in the mail service for several years, and is a thoroughly competent and efficient officer.

Luscious strawberries now sell in Philadelphia at ten cents per quart.

DIED.

In St. Albans, on the 16th inst., Harriet Paul, wife of H. D. Loverin, aged 43 years.

GRAHAM FLOUR.

A Superior article of Graham Flour, for sale at the store of BARNES & CROWLEY, Lake Street.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF Co-partnership. Messrs. Schofield & Vincent have this day dissolved Partnership. The business will be carried on by J. Schofield. All sums due will be paid by J. Schofield, and all debts due the late firm must be paid within thirty days.

NOTICE OF SEIZURE AND SALE. The following described property was seized by officers of the Customs for violation of the Revenue Laws of the United States, viz: At St. Albans, Vt., June 16, 1868, 45 cords Roused Hancock Park.

Said property will be sold at public auction at the Custom House, St. Albans on Tuesday 23d instant at 2 o'clock p.m.

GEO. J. STANNARD, Collector of Customs, Office, Burlington, 19th June 1868.

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AUCTION SALE!!

3,000 WORTH OF GOODS!

In the commodious rooms over

A. S. Hyde's Store,

MAIN STREET, ST. ALBANS,

Every day at private sale, and evening at Auction, until the stock is sold.

The subscriber will sell as above indicated, a large stock of Goods at Auction consisting of new and second-hand—

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Such as Pants, Vests, Coats, &c. Also, Brussels Carpeting, Oil Cloth, and Rush Carpeting. Also, a lot of Fancy Goods of every description, too numerous to mention. A fine lot of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Shaker Bonnets, Albums, Satinets, Laces, and about everything that people want, and want at their own prices.

B. KINGSLEY, Proprietor and Auctioneer.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

Phoenix Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ITS ASSETS ARE NEARLY

\$3,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME, NEARLY TWO MILLIONS, AND CONSTANTLY INCREASING.

Annual Dividends, 50 Per Cent.

All its Policies are Non-Forsfeiting! No restriction on Travel, Location, or Employment! Dividends upon the full Premiums paid on all its Policies.

Notes taken if desired, for half of the Premium for the first four years, and in case of death, they are paid by the Dividends and given up and not deducted from the Policy, and

The Full Amount of Insurance is Paid.

It has paid in losses to its Policy Holders over \$500,000, and has never contested a claim during the 17 years of its existence. No extra Premiums charged for insuring.

Females, Railroad Employees or Seamen

A Policy in the Phoenix is properly called a Whole World Policy. It permits the insured to travel or reside at will anywhere in the United States or Europe, at any season of the year, without extra charge.

NELSON H. ARMINGTON, Agent,

For Franklin, Grand Isle and Lamoille counties. C. L. BABCOCK, State Agent, Rutland, Vt.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE would give this notice to our former friends and patrons, that on and after the 1st day of June, 1868, we shall sell our goods for

STRICTLY CASH

—AND—

ONE PRICE!!!

Having had sufficient experience in the credit system of doing business, we have concluded to make a change, and try the Cash System—believing that we can sell our goods cheaper by adopting such a rule. Although a novelty in St. Albans, we are determined to try the plan. We have on hand a large stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

—AND—

Furnishing Goods,

Which under this plan we will agree to sell 15 per cent less than any other firm in town that do business on the credit system.

Take notice and govern yourself accordingly.

SMITH & FOSTER,

NO. 2, DARROW BLOCK,

w217-3m] St. Albans, Vt. [d7-1m

ASAHEL S. HYDE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

First Class Groceries!!

DARROW BLOCK, ST. ALBANS, VT.

Consisting in part of

Flour, Pork, Fish, Sugar, Teas, &c., &c.

Morton & Percy's,

Lake Street.

Removed.

H. S. S. CLARK has removed to South Main Street. Office at his residence

St. Albans, Vt., May 2, 1868

BLACK DRESS SUITS OF EVERY KIND AT

WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

CAPS FOR SPRING JUST RECEIVED AT

WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

NOBBY Styles of Spring Hats and Caps at

WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

THE PIVOT ACTION BRACE!

A superior Suspender for Skirts or Pants! An unequalled brace for the shoulders. Always a Suspender. A brace or not at pleasure. Its simplicity, durability, ease and convenience commend it to every Lady, Gentleman, or Youth. Examine for yourself, and be convinced that all herein stated is true. Prices, 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

M'GOWAN & BROWN, FAMILY GROCERIES.

SADDLERY, CARRIAGE,

BUILDING HARDWARE.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of goods of every description, in the above line, to be found in the State. As agents for the largest Building Factories, we keep a supply of

LEATHER BELTING

Of all sizes on hand. We offer a full and complete assortment of

Carriage and Harness Makers' Supplies,

And are constantly receiving consignments of a superior article of Oak and Hemlock Harness Leather, Patent Collar and Busset, Grain and Split Skirting and Whipper, Hard and soft Dash, Enamelled Oil Tank and

GRAIN BOOT LEATHER.

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTH,

Which we offer at a low cash figure.

M'GOWAN & BROWN,

1, PROTHINGHAM M'GOWAN, St. Albans, Vt. d1-1f

10,000 ROLLS

PAPER HANGINGS

Of different patterns, OIL SHADES, CURTAIN FIXTURES, CO. AND TASSELS.

FURNITURE

Of all kinds, just received, at

d1-1f H. LIVINGSTON & SONS.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE!

THE subscriber offers for sale to the people of St. Albans, Franklin County and